

THE EAST PITTON FAIR.

The tenth annual fair of the Pittston Agricultural and Trotting Park Association opened on the grounds at East Pittston, Tuesday of last week, under the most auspicious circumstances. Although the opening day was ushered in with cool weather the exhibitors and the crowds began to come early, and they kept coming throughout the day until one of the best throngs for an opening day of recent years was gathered in the little enclosure of fun.

The track was never in better condition. At least that is what the old horsemen said, and their conclusions in this respect are generally considered to be official.

The exhibit in the hall promises to be the best for years. There is the best exhibit for years of cattle, swine and poultry. The races were the principal attraction, Tuesday, and they were an attraction, too. The course was springy, ringy and fast, and how the equines laid back their ears and went around the mile. It made the hair of the lovers of horse racing stand on end. The Garrison finishes, the fight on the back stretch were something unusual, and every one felt when night came that they had had their money's worth.

In the 2.50 class, trot and pace, May Queen reduplicated her trick at Readfield and won in three straight heats, but she had to go along to do it, for she was pushed hard all the way round by Tribune, Don Victor and Nancy Wilkes. On the home stretch she showed her speed and shoved her gray nose first under the wire. The summary:

	2.50 CLASS—TROT AND PACE.
May Queen	1st; H. E. Lee, Augusta.
Don Victor	2nd; H. L. H. Lee, Augusta.
Newcastle	3rd; W. B. Erskine, North Newcastle.
Nancy Wilkes	4th; A. J. Libby, Gardiner.
Emerson B. ch m. H. P. Brant, Augusta.	5th; 2.37, 2.38, 2.39.
Ella Shattuck, br m. H. P. Brant, Augusta.	6th; 2.37, 2.38, 2.39.
Barton, b & m. A. M. Marson, East Pittston	7th; 2.37, 2.38, 2.39.
Pittston	8th; 2.37, 2.38, 2.39.

May Queen was awarded first money.

The cattle exhibit, this year, surpasses anything ever held in Pittston and in quantity is even larger than that at Readfield. One man remarked that he would not have believed that there were so many pair of oxen in Maine. He had travelled over the State a great deal in the past few years and it was seldom that he saw a pair of oxen. Interest in this kind of animal seems to be on the increase. Lack of breeding during the past 15 years has caused them to be good property.

J. S. Houdlette of Dresden, had a herd of seven American Jerseys, a bull, three cows, one heifer and two calves. They are a nice, clean looking lot of cattle, and are attracting lots of attention.

James Farrell has four grade Jerseys that have every appearance of being good ones for dairying purposes.

Roy Bookner of Pittston, has a grade Jersey on exhibition. Although only a heifer she gives promise of being a good butter maker.

A. S. Moody of East Pittston, has a herd of full blood Sussex. His bull is especially deserving of mention.

O. P. Hilton has a 9-week-old bull calf that is attracting any amount of attention. Each man who has seen him when he sees a friend says, "Say, John, have you seen that calf? Come this way a minute." He goes and they both stand around punching the calf, moving him about and praising his many good qualities.

Eugene Jewett of Whitefield, has a good herd of grade Jerseys headed by a clean looking bull.

Thomas Nolan of Joice, has a Hereford bull and heifer that are generally considered to be as good as any on the grounds.

F. E. Hunt of East Pittston, has a full-blooded Durham bull that is the sire of many beautiful animals.

E. C. Jewett of Whitefield, is exhibiting a herd of Herefords that are headed by the handsome bull "Duke."

E. L. Thompson of East Pittston, has a fine looking 15-months-old grade heifer that was not forgotten by the judges.

A. J. Leonard of Pittston, is the proud possessor of a herd of six Herefords at whose head stands the well-made bull "Peter."

R. A. Manson & Son have a herd of eight cattle, all grades, among which are beef stock and milch cows. All appear to be good ones and were not overlooked when the ribbons were distributed.

Arthur Manson is showing four grade Jerseys that are beauties. They have good records as butter makers.

Among the oxen the reporter noticed the following: R. A. Manson had a pair of 4-year-olds that are entered as matched oxen. He also has a pair of 3-year-olds that come under the head of "working."

Leah Lewis of Joice, is showing a pair of 3-year-old Holsteins. They are large, clean looking animals and seem especially adapted to heavy work.

Charles Skeine exhibits a pair of 3-year-old Holsteins that are exhibited as matched oxen. They have a twin like resemblance that is often commented upon.

J. H. Mooney of Joice, has three matched pair of Herefords all of which are large and beautiful specimens of bovine strength.

F. A. Dunton of Joice, has a pair of 3-year-old working steers.

Joseph Knight of East Pittston, has a pair of beautifully matched 3-year-olds.

J. H. Bailey of East Pittston, shows two pairs of rugged oxen. One is entered for pulling and the other for working.

E. P. Moody of East Pittston, has a pair of yearlings that are already good workers. They take hold of a load in good style and are sure to be prize winners when they have their growth.

Among the other exhibitors of oxen are David Mathews, Whitefield; J. H. Blinn, Dresden; C. J. Cheney, Dresden Mills; G. W. Palmer, Pittston; Herbert Thompson, S. A. Jewett, Harry Moody, W. P. Moody, East Pittston; Newman Felt, North Whitefield; James Farrell, East Pittston; Thomas Kelley, Joice; W. T. Rooney, Whitefield; Fred Hewitt, B. F. Fuller, East Pittston; Eugene Jewett,

Whitefield; Elmer Oakes, East Pittston; and Jerome Leonard, Pittston.

The poultry exhibit is fully as large as usual and the birds are of an exceptionally good quality.

C. H. Cheney of Dresden Mills, has a trio of White Wyandotte chicks. They are clean looking birds. Their plumage and symmetry is all that can be asked for and they have got their growth remarkably well. They will not be overlooked by the judges. Mr. Cheney also exhibits that old stand-by, the Barred Plymouth Rock and the large Light Brahma.

Mrs. Harry Thompson of East Pittston, exhibits a pen of early Plymouth Rock chicks. They are good looking birds and show the results of careful breeding.

E. Jewett exhibits a pen of Plymouth Rock chicks. They are well grown birds but for the Plymouth Rock strain they are bred altogether too dark, not being barred as they should be. Mr. Jewett is exhibiting some Pekin ducks that make up in quality what his Plymouth Rocks lack.

David Matthews of Whitefield, has a trio of pretty Buff Leghorns.

Gilmor Moody of Newcastle, has a pen of Pekin ducks and several pens of hens, among the latter there being a good display of Plymouth Rocks and Brown Leghorns.

The fancy department in the exhibition building is especially favored, this year, as under the care and supervision of a lady assistant the women have exhibited an excellent quantity and quality of specimens of their art. The exhibit is nearly twice as large as formerly.

The racing Wednesday was intensely interesting, drawing a good crowd notwithstanding a sharp northeast wind that prevailed nearly all day.

The summaries:

	2.50 CLASS—TROT AND FACE—PURSE \$100.
McQueen, g & b, H. P. Brant, Augusta.	1st; 2.3
Don Victor, ch g, W. B. Erskine, North Newcastle.	2nd; 2.3
Nancy Wilkes	3rd; A. J. Libby, Gardiner.
Emerson B. ch m. H. P. Brant, Augusta.	4th; 2.4
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Costs Less,
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For any kind of a building it will save you money to use this ready roofing. It's wire edge prevents tearing and insures durability. Easily applied, anyone can do it.

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182 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

Clark, Ira Woodbury; Timers, Fred Barber and Geo. M. Stanwood; Clerk, Charles H. Leighton. The Presumpscot Band of Westbrook is in the band stand, and their lively music seemed to warm the chilly atmosphere. We give a summary of the races:

3.00 CLASS—WESTBROOK HORSES—PURSE, \$75.	
Susie T. b. m.	by Judge Adams
Woolley, b. g. b.	2 5 4 1 1 1
Billy Westland, b. g. b.	Westland, dam by Gen
Eliza Westland, b. g. b.	Eliza Westland, dam by Gen
Little Jim, ch. g. by Young	Nelson, dam Susan H.
Bobby, ch. g. (George) Bar-	ber, dam by (George) Bar-
Lily Westland, b. m. (Wm. Kerner)	b. m. (Wm. Kerner)
Time—2.47½, 2.47¾, 2.47¾, 2.48, 2.61,	2.61
2.24 CLASS—FARM—PURSE, \$200.	
Little Jack, b. g. (protested), (A. Porrell)	1 1 1 1 1 1
Mark, b. g. (L. Chute)	1 1 2 2 2 2
Bradford, b. g. (R. M.)	1 1 2 2 2 2
Winsome, g. g. (Kimball)	3 5 5 4 5
Woolley, b. g. (Stanard)	5 dr
Time—2.34½, 2.34½, 2.36½, 2.35½.	

It is estimated that fully eight or nine thousand people were on the grounds on Wednesday. Fully a thousand carriages, the most of which were double, were packed around the track. From these the occupants had a fine view of the races.

The summaries were as follows:

5.00 CLASS—TEST OF FACE—PURSE, \$150.	
McGill, b. g. by Bucanan, (Fox)	1 1 1 1 1 1
M G D, b. m. by Buccaner, (Fox)	1 1 1 1 1 1
Dewey, b. g. by Bismarck, (Rich)	1 1 1 1 1 1
Maggie Hall, b. m. (Horse)	3 2 3 2 3 2
Warbled Hawk, b. m. (O Reed)	1 1 1 1 1 1
Turnip head, b. m. (P Reed)	1 1 1 1 1 1
Two-year-old colts—O Cooper, 1st; A J Farley, 2d; Charles Blaisdell, 3d; F. L. Tukey, 4th.	1 1 1 1 1 1
One-year-old colts—A J Libby, 1st and 2d; A. M. Marson, 3d.	1 1 1 1 1 1
Colds under one year—Herman Thayer, 1st; F. L. Tukey, 2d.	1 1 1 1 1 1
Two-year-old colts—H. E. Lee, 1st; H. L. Lishness, 2d.	1 1 1 1 1 1
Three-year-old colts—J. A. Clark, 1st; J.	

Home Department.

A Standard Sewing Machine or Solid Gold Watch, made by the best manufacturers in America, complete and warranted in every respect. Write the Farmer for particulars. Given to any one obtaining a club.

AS MOTHER USED TO DO.

He criticized her puddings and he found fault with her cake; wished she'd make such biscuits as his mother used to make; she didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew; nor even mend his stockings, as his mother used to do. His mother had six children, but by night her work was done; he would be dredging always, yet she only had the one. His mother always was well dressed, his wife would be so too, if only she would manage as his mother used to do.

Alas! She was not perfect, though she tried to do her best. Until at length she thought her time had come to have a rest; so when one day he went the same old rigmarole all through. She turned and boxed his ears just as his mother used to do.

THE RECKONING.

Weary at set of sun, Counting what she had done. To earn the hour of rest, She sighed, "I live in vain: Naught comes of toil or pain, Although I do my best."

But rich beyond compare The wage that is her share When she has done her best; Beyond earth's paltry gold Her gain. Her triumph told In this, "She does her best."

Mary E. Stickney, in September Lippincott's.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT ON BOOKS.

Almost all families have books; few families have a library. I put in here, wrote Dr. Lyman Abbott several years ago, a plea for a library in every household, and, as a foundation for the library, a cyclopedia.

I place in order of importance in the family, for its literary food, in the formation of a library, the articles of diet as follows:

First—A Bible.

Second—A dictionary. Get the unabridged if you can afford it, but a smaller edition is better than none.

Third—A good weekly newspaper that gives, comprehensively and fairly, the news of the week.

Fourth—A cyclopedia.

After these are purchased you may properly consider the purchase of other books, but not before.

All families that will read this article have, it is safe to assume, the first three. Suffer a word as to the fourth.

The advantages of the cyclopedia is that it is a library already arranged for you. The volumes of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" stand before me as I write. They contain twenty-five or thirty treatises, and a host of magazine and newspaper articles. The topics treated cover the whole range of useful and needed information—history, philosophy, theology, science, art, travels, etc.

The only ingredients wanted are fiction, poetry and belles-lettres, and these are abundantly furnished by the newspaper and the magazine; they constitute the element which most abounds in every household and is least necessary to its welfare. With this library before me, I can investigate any topic of the times. Reading of the South African war I can find out who the Boers are and why they are fighting the English; reading of the Irish disturbances, I can get in an evening the light thrown on the present by the history of the past.

Such a library is an inexhaustible source of instruction and entertainment to the younger members of the family; I say advisedly, entertainment. It is true that when a boy has had his taste depraved by the sensational weekly, he will find as little that is palatable in an encyclopaedia as a drunkard would find to stimulate him in a glass of milk. Nevertheless, the boy or girl who has been brought up to use an encyclopaedia will find more enjoyment in it than his companion in the "Robbers of the Black Forest," or the "Mysterious Maid of the Metropolis."

I remember in one of my father's earlier volumes, his account of the encyclopaedia as an educator. I remember almost as well his own use of it in the household, which he portrayed in the form of a story for the instruction of others. The book—the old "Encyclopaedia Americana"—is on my shelves today, long since superseded by more modern works, but sacred from its history and association. The boy was, for one hour of his daily home study, with the encyclopaedia before him; he was allowed to select any subject he chose, but, having chosen it, he was required to master it, and, if I recollect right, to write an abstract of it and to pass an examination upon it when his work was done.

I know the objection of expense. A good encyclopaedia—at least the best—costs from fifty to one hundred dollars. A large sum; but if you will figure up your dinners for ten years you will be amazed to find how large a sum they also cost you. He that will invest ten dollars a year in literature—and there are few Americans who cannot afford to do that if they will—may have in five or ten years a library which, estimated by its intellectual results, is simply invaluable; and that for the same expenditure which has been trifled away by his neighbor in gilt bindings, cheap pictures, and temporary, and sometimes even trumpery, books, none of which perhaps have been read more than once, and some of which will not have deserved even a single reading.

A QUEEN COMES TO HER THRONE.

Wilhelmina, daughter of William III., reached her 18th birthday on the 31st of August. By the Dutch law she became Queen on that day without ceremony or official action of any kind. Her mother,

MANY FEMALE ILLS RESULT FROM NEGLECT.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks May Produce Displacements That Threaten Women's Health.



Then it was time—very, very nearly time, to kiss Grandma and Grandpa good-bye. For that was the forerunner of the Dreadful Thing that was to happen.

"There's just time to bid the sweet peas good-bye—come on!" cried Meg.

"An' the Arbor an' the Apple-tree seat—"

"An' the Hay-mow House—hurry, le's run!"

They all scampered away in a line. The twins brought up the rear, because they always ran with their arms round each other and that isn't the quickest way in the world. Cornwallis was whistling bravely.

At the snug little seat in the low lime of the northern spy tree they stopped.

"We'll all take turns a-sitting in it once more," whispered Meg solemnly.

It was quite an impressive little ceremony and all their sorry little faces were intently serious.

There was another ceremony of farewell at the sweet-pea trellis and up in the great sweet-smelling Hay-mow House among the crisp, dry clover blossoms.

After awhile that part of the Dreadful Thing was over, and Grandma and Grandpa, with four moist, loving kisses clinging to their lips still, stood watching the white puff of smoke sail back to them, fainter and fainter, in the wake of the train that was carrying the children off.

"Bless them!" said Grandmother softly.

"The dear little scamps!" said Grandfather's voice, huskily.

In the car four faces gazed solemnly at each other. All the tears had been cried—that was all there was left to do. The Dreadful Thing loomed nearer and nearer every telegraph pole they hurried past.

"It begins so soon, you know," Meg groaned.

"Day after to-morrow mornin'," added Cornwallis.

"And it's so awful!"

"Right straight after all the fun an' the good times, too."

The little Brown Twin unfastened her head from the little Blonde Twin's shoulder, and sat up straight and tragic.

"I must expect it'll kill us, don't you?" she said.

"Well, then, le's die game!" cried Cornwallis with a fine attempt at cheerfulness. They all laughed a little—slowly, as if it were rather hard work.

On the day after the to-morrow the Dreadful Thing itself came—or rather the children went to it. A great many other children went, too, and all the feet lagged a good deal at first. Round corners and up streets and down avenues they came on—the slow tramp, tramp of a little army. But it was noticeable how much faster the feet moved when they joined at street corners and went on together. The more feet, the faster they went. At last they skipped a little. Then they ran! Under the very eyes of the Dreadful Thing they skipped and danced! And above them came a shrill, sweet chorus of children's voices that sounded happy—happy! The Dreadful Thing was right there but it wasn't a dreadful thing at all!

"I can't help it, but I feel real happy this minute," confessed the little Brown Twin.

"Me, too," confessed the Blonde Twin.

"It isn't very bad—why, no!" Meg cried in surprise, "I—guess—I—like it!"

Then a bell called to them in clear, kind tones. That afternoon when all the little feet tramped home again (and they moved gayly enough), all the owners of the little feet agreed together heartily that it had been such a pleasant day! They had such a good time!

"I'm so glad it's begun!" Meg and Cornwallis and the Twins chattered and if you'll believe it, they were talking about the Dreadful Thing!

Can't somebody guess what the Dreadful Thing was?—Primary Education.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Young Folks.

A Jackknife, Camera, Gold Bird, or Bicycle, to every boy and girl reading the Farmer who will secure a club. Write the office at once for particulars.

BOBBY'S TOOL CHEST.

They gave him a chest full of wonderful tools, when he got to be six years old, and he made up his mind to go forth in the world and be a carpenter.

"I've similes and saws, and hammers and nails. I've jackplanes and awls," said Bobby.

"I've rulers and screws. How can I refuse a carpenter man for me to be?"

"The first thing to learn is to hammer an axil."

And he hammered, and hammered, and hammered away, till he'd used up a half dozen packs.

He never got up the doors, and he nailed down the floors, and he nailed 'em again and again.

And he made no mistake till he hammered a tack through the nursery window pane.

Then he took up his saw, and he tried its teeth. "I must now learn to saw," he said;

And he sawed in two some bureau drawers, and he sawed off the legs of his bed;

And he sawed off the teeth of the tool chest.

And then he sat down and remarked to himself, "Well, I guess I have sawn enough.

"I will now try the axil and the similes, too, and learn what different kinds of holes they make—for they're not alike," and he bored on the outside blinds.

He bored six holes in the shutter slats, and then made a change again,

And tried his luck on the bureau top with the beautiful two-inch plane.

And then, poor boy! some one came in, and oh, what fuss was raised!

They said that boy had tried to learn when he was too young, but he surely praised!

And his father was mad, and his mother was mad, and even his sister cried.

Because he'd taken her desk apart to see what there was inside;

And the baby, too, was as wrathful as they, because for a little while.

He'd taken the bureau top, how wide was the dear little fellow's smile!

And that's why Bob, the poor little chap, has changed every future plan,

And is going to be a policeman bold instead of a carpenter man.

—Round Table.

THE DREADFUL THING—WHAT WAS IT?

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

Something dreadful was going to happen. It was going to happen soon. Meg and Cornwallis and the Inseparables (those were the twins) sat in a solemn row on Grandma's top doorstep.

"O, my mercy, seems as if it should be a condition as unwholesome as it is uncomfortable. When the wound is inflicted by the hand of a parent, it is all the more certain to rankle and do harm. Let a child see that the mother is so anxious that he should have the approbation and good will of his friends that she will not call their attention to his faults; and that, while she never under any circumstances allows herself to forget to tell him afterward alone, if he has behaved improperly, she will spare him the additional pain and mortification of public reproof; and, while the child will lay these secret reproaches to his heart, he will still be happy.

I know a mother who had the insight to see this, and the patience to make it a rule; for it takes far more patience, far more time, than the common method.

Once I saw her little boy behave so rudely and rudely at the dinner table, in the presence of guests, that I said to myself: "Surely, this time she will have to cry in a minute!" I cried.

"I'll never let the similes and the axils, too, and learn what different kinds of holes they make—for they're not alike," and he bored on the outside blinds.

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GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 29, 1898.

ONLY AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPER IN MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
For one inch space, \$2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. J. W. POTTER is now calling upon our subscribers to Washington County, N.Y., to call upon our subscribers in Sagadahoc county.

10,000 Weekly Circulation Guaranteed.

THE LIVE AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPER OF THE EAST.

The Maine Farmer one year and either of the following desirable premiums for only one year's subscription—

\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

The New York Tribune.

One year's subscription, 52 numbers.

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Sixteen pages, with marginal notes, printed in colors and bound; size 15x22 inches.

Mrs. Lincoln's New England Cook Book.

200 pages. (Selling price 50c.)

"Samantha Among the Brethren."

The best book by this noted author, 223 pages.

Butter Mold.

Bradbury's Creamery, 4-print. (Selling price 50c.)

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Six dozen capacity. (Selling price \$1.00.)

Cyclopedia of Useful Knowledge.

One set, 5 volumes, 1296 pages.

Pen-Knife.

Sterling silver handle, two blades. A very dainty and correct article.

Jack-Knife.

Two blades, strongly made. Size handy for use and convenient to carry in the pocket.

Kentucky Spring Water Hook Bolt.

No more unhooking of the check rein. A great invention.

\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

Map of the World and the United States.

This is a Rand, McNally & Co.'s absolutely correct, up-to-date, 1898 edition of wall map size, 5½x4 feet, printed in colors, the world on one side and the United States on the reverse side. (Selling price for map alone \$2.50.)

New York World, Tri-Weekly.

104 numbers of this metropolitan publication for only 50¢ above the regular price of the Farmer one year in advance.

Sample Copy sent on application.

Try the Maine Farmer for one month.

The "frost is on the pumpkin."

Autumn has begun to hang out its brilliant banners.

The storm of Friday and Saturday will no doubt pass for the "line storm." The earth received a much needed soaking.

If Vesuvius does not let up pretty soon Naples will have to call out the fire department.

At the Palmer, Mass., cattle show, poultry constituted the largest exhibit and dogs next.

Brunswick dealers in ice who have run short, come to Augusta for their supply.

The performance of the Chicago burglar who locked a woman in a refrigerator and then robbed her house is the coolest thing yet.

None of the yellow journals have yet charged Secretary Alger with being responsible for the killing frost last week.

We Yankees like to know whether a thing "pays" before venturing very far. It is found that the revenue of Santiago alone will pay the entire expenses of the Province, and in course of time Cuba will be a source of great profit to this country.

One of the signs of good times in the West is the fact that only \$3,000,000 has been sent West by the New York banks for the movement of crops. The sum is usually ten times that, and the fact is indicative of the presence of duress in the pockets of the Western farmers in greater abundance than for many years.

It is said that since the introduction of water into Mechanic Falls village, in no season has there been more than three cases of typhoid fever, and usually but one or two. No cases of fever have been reported to the board of health since the introduction of water that could be traced to the water supply. Nothing like pure water.

Those pictures to advertise the State for which the Legislature appropriated \$700, have just been completed by Photographers Gay and Gerrity, and will be forwarded to different cities to be hung where it is thought they will do the most good. There are 36 of them and they are of a varied character, being devoted to summer resorts, landscapes and sporting scenes.

Mr. George H. Gilman, editor and publisher of the *Aroostook Pioneer*, has been on a carriage ride from his home in Houlton to the Kennebec, the objective point being the home of Mr. Herbert Horn in West Gardiner. He was accompanied by Mrs. Gilman. They travelled 102½ miles the first three days. They had a royal good time and looked upon some fine scenery.

The threatened counting out of candidates to the legislature receiving more than one hundred majority, not because the interest of the voters was not fully apparent, but simply because an arbitrary ruling of the Australian ballot law was not completely complied with, calls increased attention to the iniquity of this monstrous reform. A law which comes between a voter and his recognized intent and thwarts his will is not a law for the people of Maine.

A Jersey City physician is said to have found a tape-worm in an egg. Mercy! The egg has always been considered as beyond the possibility of contamination. But let us not get frightened. We were told a little while ago that the bananas are alive with tape-worm germs. And yet bananas taste as good as ever they did. There is no sense in letting microbe-multipliers frighten one to death. There are other ways of going hence.

Those having experience, and therefore qualified to know, say that lobsters this year are running larger than last. There is a larger proportion of those of lawful size that get into the traps, and the claim is made, and it may be true, that observance of the law on the part of many fishermen and the diligence of the warden, has prevented the consumption of many thousands of short lobsters, and these have been permitted to grow. This is what is intended by the law.

The managers of the Kennebec Agricultural Society haven't yet closed up the financial end of their recent fair at Readfield, but enough is known to count upon a nice little surplus after all the premiums and bills are paid. It is thought by some of the more intelligent members that they will be able to make better use of this than paying the small debt of some \$600. The grand stand needs repairs, as well as the exhibition building, while a dining hall is greatly desired to do so.

An illustration of this spirit, there is great significance in the influence which Governor Pingree has exerted in Michigan. His efforts towards regulating irregularities of taxes have proved successful. He has brought about changes and radical reforms that have astonished the people in other States. He was made Governor on the strength of what he accomplished at Mayor of Detroit, and was both Mayor and Governor at once for a while. As a result of this six years' struggle with the public service corporations of that city, they cannot preserve the qualities needed for citizenship, and the republic must fall, for the hopeless grind of ceaseless toll never made a patriot. It is for the interest of every employer of labor and of every man who labors to adopt a policy that would naturally lead away from the teachings of anarchy, and to the true doctrines of equal citizenship, upon which alone the foundations of the republic can securely rest.

The total number of hens in the State is 1,577,252; estimated value of poultry produced, \$505,470.65; estimated value of eggs produced, \$1,366,310.22; total value of poultry and eggs produced, \$1,871,785. This is for one year previous to the enumeration last April. The figures on the remaining classes of fowl are:

Estimated Estimated Total
number produced, produced, and eggs
Turkeys, 5,018 18,972 285 23,257
Ducks, 3,445 6,779 692 7,471

The average production of poultry and eggs in the State per hen is \$1.18; turkeys, \$2.91; ducks, 2.58; geese, \$2.17. The least average production per hen is in Aroostook county, 75 cents; the greatest in Washington, \$1.30. Waldoboro has the greatest number of hens of any town in the State, 23,740; Fort Fairfield of turkeys, 307; Stockton Springs of ducks, 1,106; Madawaska of geese, 200.

SEVERANCE OF CHURCH FROM STATE.

Archbishop Ireland has given the first definite information regarding the policy of the Roman Catholic church in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. It includes approval of the administration plan of leaving the church question out of peace discussions and announces that the church in the islands will conform to the new conditions. He says:

"When the dominion of the United States is fully established the church will come under the same laws that will govern this country and be separated from the State, as it is now in America."

The Archbishop declared that the present personnel of the clergy in the islands would be undisturbed. He has been attending the opening exercises at Notre Dame and learned upon his arrival in Chicago that talk of ecclesiastical commission had been published.

The Full Vote.

The returns from the election are, with the exception of two towns all in and recorded at the Secretary of State's office. These two towns are Mt. Vernon in Kennebec, and Frankfort in Waldo county.

The official returns show the following results in the vote for Governor:

Foster (Rep.) 54,266
Lord (Dem.) 29,497
Ladd (Pro.) 2,323
Loring (Rep.) 1,000
Lermond (Nat'l Dem.) 318
Republican (Rep.) 24,769
Reform (Rep.) 1,141

All the members of the Senate are re-

publicans. The House stands politically 120 republicans, 25 democrats.

Fred M. Morse and James McNeish of Boston, were drowned at Moosehead Lake, Monday, while on a hunting trip, their canoe being overturned.

NO ROOM HERE.

It may as well be understood, first as last, by the foreign element that is congregating in such large numbers in our big cities, and thence spreading out to the country, that there is no room for the foot of the anarchist upon free American soil. There is no room here for the meeting of socialistic clubs whose teachings lead directly to the hateful and destructive doctrines of the anarchist, and the arguments of the dagger and the torch. There is no room here for the red flag of anarchy. The stars and stripes, recently rechristened in the blood of heroes, fighting in a holy war, are large enough to cover the entire American continent.

Just in this line of thought were the remarks of Rev. Philip S. Moxom, at the Congregational conference at Saco, on Wednesday. His subject was the union of the English-speaking nations. His remarks found a ready response in the minds of his hearers was evident, and at times the applause which greeted his utterances was dramatic in its force and fervor. Equally impressive was the close attention given the speaker as he described the warmth of the brotherly interest of the English for America during the struggle with Spain, and the significant action of the British government, putting an end, as he said, by its brief recognition, to that coalition of European powers which might otherwise have placed a cordon of warships around this country to enforce its wishes in regard to the settlement of our difficulty with Spain. Dr. Moxom knew whereof he spoke, for early in the summer he was sent abroad as the representative of the Congregationalists of America to attend a series of meetings in England, and he was a brilliant pageant, the like of which has never been seen in the history of Odd Fellowship, and the equal of which has seldom been witnessed in Boston's streets. Brilliant in their regalia of flashing gold, the Patriarchs Militant marched on the right of line. Resplendent in the royal purple the members of the encampment branch divided honors with their brother Patriarchs, and a series of meetings in England, and he was a brilliant pageant, the like of which has never been seen in the history of Odd Fellowship, and the equal of which has seldom been witnessed in Boston's streets. Brilliant in their regalia of flashing gold, the Patriarchs Militant marched on the right of line. 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Growing Stronger

State News.

Cold Settled on the Lungs and Caused a Serious Cough--Hope of Recovery Abandoned but Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"A severe cold settled on my lungs. I began to cough and kept growing worse all the time. My husband was paying out a great deal of money for medicine, but I continued to grow weaker every day, and in the winter of 1886 I gave up all hopes of getting better. After this I read of people gaining strength by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and my husband advised me to try this medicine. I purchased three bottles and began taking it. Before I had finished the first bottle I saw that I was growing stronger and my cough was lesser. After taking two bottles my cough was gone. I continued taking Hood's and I am now in better health than I have been for years." MARY A. SMITH, LeGrange, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion.

Experience of Others.

*East Seabago, Me.,
Gentlemen : Feb. 28, '95.*

I consider the "L. F. Atwood's Bitters a blessing to the overworked, both in mind and body, restoring the nervous functions, building up the system, and giving new life and vitality to the weak. (Signed)

JOHN P. HILL.

*Witness: Henry W. Blake.
"L.F." Bitters will cure your nervous troubles also. Be sure you get the "L.F." kind. Avoid imitations.*

THE GREAT

MAINE FESTIVALS

Second Season, 1898.

Bangor, Oct. 6, 7, 8.

Portland, Oct. 10, 11, 12.

Wm. E. Chapman, Conductor.

Grand Orchestra of 70 and Immense Chorus of 1,200.

World Renowned Soloists and Artists.

Single Concert Tickets are now on sale at M. H. Andrews' Music Store, Bangor, and Cressie, Jones & Allen, Portland.

Apply for seats.

Evening prices, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Matinee prices, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Sagadahoc Fair

AT

TOPSHAM, OCT. 11, 12, 13.

Great Races! Great Display!

Great Sport!

Special Trains, Wednesday and Thursday from Bath and Augusta, and to Rockland.

Thursday night.

Trains stop at Topsham station.

Continuous Performance! Everybody's Fair!

Is said to be variety, but the best varieties of

Pure Spices,

whole or powdered, can be found

Partridge's

Old Reliable Drug Store, Opp.

Office.

True and mixed spices and flavoring Extracts low.

After a Full Meal

DIGESTINE will instantly relieve the discomfort and distress caused by overeating.

Quick, safest, surest cure for all troubles caused by an impaired digestive system.

TAKE DIGESTINE

Don't die! "It cures while you eat."

At Druggists or by Mail, 25c and 50c.

Send for booklets to

The Digestine Co., Springfield, Mass.

The Shaw Business College and Short-hand School

Portland, AUGUSTA, Bangor and Houlton, Me.

Actual business by mail and railroad.

Office Practice for beginners. Bookkeepers, clerks and stenographers furnished to business men.

F. L. SHAW, Pres., Portland, Me.

Classified Ads.

N. B. Hereafter, Sale, Want and Exchange advertisements will be inserted under this general head, at one cent a word, and will be given a choice position, unless otherwise directed.

Change, and safes, and other personal effects.

A STROLOGY--Send of birth, full address and 10 cents for near future predictions and answer to one question. N. MAYER.

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FOR SALE--CHEAP--Five W. Wyandot beans and a root. (Hawkins & Knapp strain.) R. L. SOULE, Box 226, Freeport, Me.

FOR SALE--A. J. C. G. helped dropped a large number of eggs.

WANTED--Man and wife for general farm work. Must be strong, willing to work, and able to furnish best of references. Willing to pay good wages if suited. Salary \$100 per month. Address, L. B. BOYNTON, No. Whitefield, Me. 3347.

WANTED--Man and wife for general farm work. Must be strong, willing to work, and able to furnish best of references. Willing to pay good wages if suited. Salary \$100 per month. Address, L. B. BOYNTON, No. Whitefield, Me. 3347.

C. L. PERLEY, Cross Hill, Maine, will sell 3 cattle Club Jersey bulls, 1 year old. Price reasonable. Write for particulars. 3947.

PRIME Egg case illustrated circular and price list free. Agent Wanted. E. A. PARKE, Apple Junction, Mass.

YOU WANT the best bargains. Seven acre farm, stone slate house and two house, horses. Everything convenient. H. L. JOHNSON, M. D., River road, Skowhegan, Maine.

For sale: Other implements, Chester, Pa. Price list free. Agent Wanted. E. A. PARKE, Apple Junction, Mass.

Gardens & field seeds at F. L. Webber, 410 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

FINE BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Horses, Dogs, Pigs, etc. Send stamps for Catalogue. N. P. BOYER & CO. Yarmouth, Me.

TOBACCO--Unleashed Hard Wood Ashes. For priors, address GEORGE STEVENS, Jr., Box 699, Peterborough, Ont., Canada.

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SHIRLEY CARSTONE.

By ELIZA ARCHARD.

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[CONTINUED.]

Meantime Shirley did her best to get pretty dresses for Brownie, and gratify her expensive whims. She loved this thoughtless, winsome sister, and it hurt her affectionately heart to see the girl unhappy and so discontented. But Brownie grumbled on.

"I wish the time would come when I could spend ten cents without feeling guilty," she said.

"Here's ten cents," says Shirley. "Go and spend it now, and don't feel guilty in the least."

"Oh, you know what I meant. What's the use of all this skimping? Other people who are no better off than we are have been to buy things. It takes one for so mean to be tied down all the time when the other girls can have pretty new things to go away for trips and have some pleasure."

"Why, I don't know," said Shirley. "I think it's rather silly to have saved all that fuse and bother. Nothing is exposed of you. You can earn your own money, and you needn't spend it for a carriage and horses because Miss Simpkins is poor."

"Then you're going to say," said Brownie. "Why must you always be talking about earning money, and letting people know you work? I'm sure you could buy whatever you wanted to and get trusted for the pay. Then if we were poor nobody would know it."

"What a head there is upon this girl's shoulders now! But, my child, nobody deserves to be paid for the way I make out. Father used to say you couldn't make me stand up when it was empty. You'll have to pass for what you are, Brownie."

"Then I won't," spoke up the little sister. "Am I going to let the Frobisher girls know my silk dress is an old one colored and turned and made over on a sham kind, when they've got such a fine new one? Father will make out."

"Shirley, you don't preach. It's unbecoming to you. Why didn't you marry a rich man and help your family on?"

"I never saw one I'd like," said Shirley, laughing.

"Then I'm sure it was very ungrateful of you, taking your own head for things in that way. Other girls get rich husbands. I declare, it's what I mean to do myself. He won't live long, and then you'll be poor again. The rich man that comes along—your work it!—I'll have him though he's four times a widower and 100 years old, and takes much. And I don't care!"

At that Shirley preched in earnest.

"Don't do that, Brownie," she said. "If you do you'll be sorry for it all your life. A woman can make no greater mistake than to marry a man she doesn't want."

"Now Shirley was interested.

"I am 'an' take the divvy."

Shirley considered.

"And it looks to me like a fellow who will serve that trick on a greenie whose sister he wants to marry, ain't just the fellow to have for a brother-in-law in a high toned family," replied Rip, virtuously.

"It looks to me exactly that way, too," said Shirley. "I'm glad you told me this. But there is nothing in that about Brownie, nothing at all."

Rip was only half satisfied. He shook his head.

"I don't know about that, miss. Anyway,

"If it was you, I'd look a little out. Things that seems to be in fun often turns out to be in earnest."

He resolved to go. Then he came back.

"You can't say anything to—your sister that I told you this! She might think I was bad."

"Oh, well, I dunno," he said confusedly.

"A fellow don't just like to have a gal down on him. Then he disappeared the bushes in an instant."

Still the children chaffed Brownie; still Shirley was sure there was nothing in it. And still Brownie fumed and fretted because she could not have beautiful silk stockings and fresh gloves every day, and because this and that. The fine old stone house that she had, however, was finishing up so very mean to her in the midst of the pretentious mansions that began to rise around it. One day in a mood of burning discontent she went out to grumble by herself. She thought not at all of the good she had. She had not. She brooded bitterly. At last she exclaimed:

One day the young stamp entered the stone house abruptly. Whether he entered a house by day or night this estimable former acquaintance of ours did not knock at the door first. It was not his way.

Brownie was alone. He asked for something to eat. She gave him some bread and meat.

"I don't want that," said he. "Gimme a piece of pie. I want pie."

He came close to her, so close that she felt his breath upon her cheek, and covered her glowing eyes.

"Don't you be so saucy, or the bad man'll come and carry you off, and hide you in the woods. He wouldn't stop much to do it now."

She was frightened, and showed it. He saw it and laughed. Then he said:

"Don't be scared. Where's your sister? Shall give me some pie, I know."

She pointed out toward the grounds outside. There was only one glad to be rid of him. He wheeled in the direction of her sister, and was gone. He was quite respectful and humble to Shirley.

"There's something you ought to know," said Shirley. "I think it's rather silly to have saved all that fuse and bother. Nothing is exposed of you. You can earn your own money, and you needn't spend it for a carriage and horses because Miss Simpkins is poor."

"Then you're going to say," said Brownie. "Why must you always be talking about earning money, and letting people know you work? I'm sure you could buy whatever you wanted to and get trusted for the pay. Then if we were poor nobody would know it."

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Rip was only half satisfied. He shook his head.

"Are you married?" asked Shirley.

"I am 54 years old," writes Mr. F. G. Nisbett, of Leavenworth, Mo. "For as yet I have not found a wife. I have a good income which affords me a comfortable existence."

"I dare say you're right, Rip," she answered from the doorway. "She's a courting sister in earnest. He's got a wife and children now, out where we're bound to be. He's a good man, though. How did he get it? He got it by swindling his partner. Darned if he didn't. He went back on his part."

Shirley smiled at the solemn enormity which this offense had assumed in the mind of the vagabond.

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J. S. SANBORN, LEWISTON JUNCTION, ME.

Horse.



Don't work a collar on a sore shoudered horse unless you fix it so that it will not bear on the sore.

Hiawatha, Kansas, has a novelty in the driver, D. K. Babbitt. He is sixty-two years old and has but one arm, but he is driving races this season.

A son of Aleynie is leaving his mark in the Province of New Brunswick, and his colts won in close competition at St. John, because of style and action. It will always pay to grow such stock.

Mr. Clarence Clinch of St. John, N. B., is one of those enthusiastic, intelligent horsemen, thoroughly posted on pedigree, who breeds simply for his own pleasure, and it was a pleasure to look over his stable filled with choice-bred ones, and to know that the pets are two by Wilkes, stylish, speedy and well-built. Such horses are a credit to the Province.

Horse shows all over the country are becoming more popular every year. It's a treat that women as well as men can enjoy. The fact is the whole family can take in such a show and feel better for being there. It is an education for all, teaching us how much better it is to be kind and faithful to the animal that contributes so much to our welfare. A show of this kind would be beneficial in many respects, and could no doubt, with little effort and energy displayed, be made an annual enjoyable affair. The State Fair has made a beginning. Let the classes be increased next year.

Special Blend, the very speedy son of Black Pilot, owned by the popular proprietor of Hotel Dufferin, St. John, N. B., Mr. E. Le Roil Willis, is rounding out to great form after one of the most delicate operations known to veterinary surgery, the removing of a cartilage from the windpipe. Last week this horse won his race on Prince Edward Island, and starts again at home. Mr. Willis has another by the same sire which will be heard from later, well built, smoothly turned and very speedy. These horses and others owned by Mr. Willis show the value of good breeding.

Lack of interest and failure to appreciate the importance of maintaining the reputation of the Province led to a small exhibit of horses at the great exhibition at St. John. While some good animals were shown, the exhibit has been allowed to drift below the standard of the best, and it is this alone which can improve. Instead of complaining, as some did, because the stock was not better, the breeders themselves to blame, as there are choice animals all through New Brunswick. Samples of these were found in the driving class, and among the younger stock. Here, as in the States, the industry is drifting, to the loss of the growers. Too much importance attaches to the growing of horses for it to be neglected, and with the certainty that a famine is at hand, those who have good stock may well expect a brisk demand.

Last fall it was announced in this paper that experiments with crude oil in a race track had been made and the results obtained eminently satisfactory. Just after the Cleveland meeting about one hundred and fifty feet of the home stretch was sprinkled with oil. It not only holds the dust but it prevents the soil from breaking away. The back stretch is a piece of track which has given trouble by breaking away, and on this twenty-five barrels of oil will be sprinkled. If the result is as satisfactory as that on the home stretch the whole track may be sprinkled. To do this will require an expenditure of several hundreds of dollars. The oil should remain on the surface and be of benefit for a long time, judging by the experiments of the Pennsylvania railroad, which was the originator of the oil sprinkling idea. As is well known the Pennsylvania system ballasted its roadbed with lime stone. The stone powdered and dust enveloped the fast trains as they swept over the line at high speed. To prevent the dust from flying the roadbed was sprinkled last summer. Even after the season's service, and through the winter, the company found the oil still held the dust this spring and has not found it necessary to re-sprinkle the road.

Poultry.

A Standard Incubator and Brooder to the person getting up a club for the Maine Farmer. Now is the time to secure it. Not one cent necessary from your wallet. Write the Farmer at once for particulars.

Damp quarters should not be used for little chicks.

When a hen does not sit her time out, look for lice, mites or bedbugs.

More or less experience is absolutely necessary to making a success with poultry keeping.

When a fowl or animal is making a rapid growth it is the time to aid in order to make the most out of it.

One reason that fowls give a good range are healthier than they receive food best for digestion, with the necessary grit.

These cold nights suggest the importance of patching the windows and stopping the cracks in the poultry house. Do not delay about this, else the signs of roup will soon be heard.

Every farmer ought to keep poultry, because, with intelligent management, they ought to be all-year profitable producers, excepting, perhaps, about two months during the moulting season.

The egg producer who goes to market when convenient cannot expect to hold a line of customers who want absolutely fresh eggs and are willing to pay for the same. Higher prices come from regular and frequent delivery.

Make no mistake this year, but secure an ample supply of dry road dust for the hens. It is far better than coal ashes for a dust bath, and is the cheapest substance to be found. Let the eggs be abundant. One cannot have too much.

"I think the Plymouth Rock makes the best all-round chicken. The Leghorn is better for eggs, but there is not enough of them when you kill or sell them. I keep a few of them, but the majority I have are Plymouth Rocks." —E. A. N.

Success in raising poultry depends on the intelligent management of the flock. The poultry business, as it relates to the production of fowls, is a source of greater profit for the amount of money invested than any other branch of work handled on the farm.

Ducklings are like chicks in that they require no food for 24 hours after hatching out. They should first of all be given a few drops of water, using care not to let them get wet. They should never, under any circumstances, be allowed to swim until they begin to feather, then water will do them no harm; but they must have it before them at all times to drink and to wash their bills.

Where a Maine poultry breeder gets his finger into the crack of the door leading to the kitchen of one of the big hotels, he is sure to swing it wide open. This is the case with Mr. Aaron Hayden, Robbinson, who supplies one of the large hotels of Boston with Plymouth Rock eggs, getting 35 cents a dozen the year round. So much for an established reputation for a choice, fresh, always-the-same article.

Mr. Ernest Cleland, Robbinson, is one growing poultry men of Eastern Maine, keeping several hundred Plymouth Rocks and Cochins. At the fair at Penobscot he showed a fine lot of birds of each variety. Located on a good farm, he is making a success of farm work. His White Cheshire hogs are like his hens, of good breeding, most excellent form and size, and just the quality which pleases and pays.

BONE EGGS.

If farmers could understand the value of fresh eggs as compared with eggs a week or a month old, they could realize much better prices for the eggs, says the *Western Agriculturist*.

French farmers market their eggs almost every day. They take them to the village or town market, or ship them to Paris or London, those two great markets that always want more fresh eggs, and pay a premium for getting them fresh.

With the marketer, however, it is quite different. He must bring his bill of expenses low in order to realize any profit in eggs. In this connection we would suggest the free use of one of the modern inventions for the poultry yard—the bone cutter; not the dry bone crusher, but the green bone cutter, and the liberal use of green cut bone in feeding the laying stock. With the writer, green bones, fresh from the butcher, are obtainable at fifty cents per hundred pounds, and their value as food, in the production of eggs, is worth from three to five cents a pound. In fact, the fresh cut bone we find the best and cheapest egg food that we can buy. There is certainly a good margin of profit in selling eggs at market prices when the hens are fed plenty of fresh cut, clean bone. Of course it must not be fed exclusively, but it may, we believe, constitute one-third of the feed given the hens without any bad effects. Too much bone will cause dysentery or bowel trouble; but with the coming of cooler or cold weather the hens can eat a great deal of it to advantage.

The cut bone is cheap, and it stimulates laying wonderfully. We believe that every person who is producing eggs for market should utilize, as hen food, the cheap and wholesome bones that can be had at any butcher shop.—H. E. Geer, in *Agricultural Epitomist*.

BUNNIES.

In selling eggs at market price the question of profit hinges on the cost of the production of the eggs. The keepers of pure bred poultry—that is, the fancier, who raises only fancy stock and who gets from one to five dollars a sitting for his eggs, and the same figures for his fowls—has no need to count the cost so closely in the production of the growing pigs, we note a change in the form and proportions of the pigs, and in the supply of feed of the dam and other sources, not complete in kind or quantity. The problem of the skillful feeder is to supplement the mother's milk with such as will be in keeping with the needs and conditions of the body. This calls for skill and attention. Any approach to neglect is sure to result in a check which means a permanent loss.

At the Middlesex North Fair, in Lowell, Mass., Sept. 15th, 16th and 17th, the Hood Farm Jerseys were entered for the first time and won first prize in every class represented. The record for the hood bull—First, Chrome; second, Mint 12th of Hood Farm; Best herd of four cows and bull—Chrome, Pansy's Thoughts, Statueques of Hood Farm, Nina Gordon, Romesha of Hood Farm, Best Jersey milch cow—First, Romesha of Hood Farm; second, Pansy's Thoughts. Best Jersey milch heifer, under three years—Second, Virginia, Best Jersey heifers—First, Ossian, 7th of Hood Farm; second, Brown Besse 27th of Hood Farm; third, Minty 16th of Hood Farm. Heifer calves—First, Brown Besse 36th of Hood Farm; second, Ossian 11th of Hood Farm. Best herd of six Jersey heifers under two years old and raised and owned by exhibitor—First, Ossian 7th of Hood Farm, Brown Besse 27th of Hood Farm; Minty 16th of Hood Farm. Ossian 11th of Hood Farm, and Brown Besse 36th of Hood Farm.

The next heat up to the half mile was practically a repetition of the first, for Patchen went to the front, and not only kept the lead but was three lengths at the three-quarters pole. Again Gentry made a great spurt in the stretch, but was not fast enough for Patchen and the latter won the heat and the race by a wide nose in front.

From there to the finish the crowd saw a grand race, for Mr. Marks drove in the best style and managed to keep Gentry at his wheel until just at the finish when the big bay almost caught him, the two horses going under the wire with only Patchen's black nose in front.

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BREAD, POTATOES and MILK.

A Dyspeptics daily diet.

Dyspepsia is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Thousands of people suffer from it to a more or less aggravated form. Few do not find it difficult to live a healthy life or more far reaching in their effects on health than any other disease. When the dyspeptic needs is to live a quiet life, and to have more temporary stimulants. The real need is to live a quiet life, and to have more permanent and lasting, and promptly effect any intruding difficulties. Dr. Ayer's Saraparilla is curing indigestion and dyspepsia is due to this quality which it possesses. It is a tonic, and acts by repairing the waste and loss of the body. The ordinary treatment brings the food and drink into the system, and Dr. Ayer's Saraparilla is curing indigestion and dyspepsia is due to this quality which it possesses. It is a tonic, and acts by repairing the waste and loss of the body. The ordinary treatment brings the food and drink into the system, and Dr. Ayer's Saraparilla puts strength into the stomach, and brings it up to the level of the heart. It is a tonic, and acts by strengthening the entire system. The stomach cannot stay weak all the time, and the body cannot stay weak all the time. Dr. Ayer's Saraparilla will do for dyspepsia is best illustrated in cases like that of Dr. Ayer's own son, who was suffering from the disease, and had got down to the last level of dyspepsia. But let him tell his own story:

"For years, I have been a dyspeptic, and gradually grew worse until I could eat nothing but bread and potatoes

seasoned with a little salt, and drink only a little milk. I became so bad that a trifle would set me off, and these caused terrible suffering in the region of the stomach, darting pains back of the eyes, attended with a sharp pain in the head, and a slight headache. I could scarcely walk without assistance. Finally I had such a severe attack of indigestion, and was partially paralyzed, and in this condition, I was taken to my room unconscious, and the doctor said to me, 'I did you no good.' At last a friend presented me with a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Saraparilla, and before I had time to think, I had a decided change for the better. I used three bottles, and was soon entirely cured of the disease. I have since tried with the old complaint, but am rugged and healthy and eat anything I want. Dr. Ayer's Saraparilla will do for dyspepsia is best. Illustrated in cases like that of Dr. Ayer's own son, who was suffering from the disease, and had got down to the last level of dyspepsia. But let him tell his own story."

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Grange News.

Maine State Grange.

State Master,

OBADIAN GARDNER, Rockland.

State Overseer,

F. ADAMS, Bowdoin.

State Treasurer,

ELIJAH COOK, Vassalboro.

State Secretary,

E. H. LIBBY, Auburn, Dirigo P. O.

Executive Committee,

OBADIAN GARDNER, Rockland.

E. H. LIBBY, Auburn.

HON. W. C. BROWN, Auburn.

D. O. WOOD, Morrill.

BODDEN BEARCE, East Eddington.

Grange Gatherings.

THE NATIONAL GRANGE.

All Patrons of Husbandry desiring board and rooms in Concord, N. H., on the occasion of the session of the National Grange in that city, opening November 14, should address the Executive Committee, Box 100, Boston, Mass., and the same will be wanted, and the time the same will be wanted, for the session. The members of the National Grange will be quartered at the Eagle Hotel, Concord, N. H., and the same will be wanted, for its capacity at the rate of \$2.00 per day, for a week or more, two in a room, \$2.25 per day; three in a room, \$2.50 per day; four in a room, \$2.60 per day.

Best exhibit prizes, not less than four varieties, \$1.50; not less than four varieties, \$1.25.

Best exhibit pickles, not less than four varieties, \$1.50; not less than four varieties, \$1.25.

Grand exhibit, \$1.50; \$1.25; \$1.00; \$0.75.

Plates or dishes of fruit entered for Grange prizes, \$0.50; plates or dishes of fruit to compete for other premiums, \$0.25.

Prizes or discounts of fruit to compete for other premiums, \$0.25.

Prize for the best Grange, \$1.00.

Prize for the best Grange, \$1.00.